

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Vol. III.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY 29, 1825.

No. 5.

REVIEW.

Resolves; Divine, Moral and Political.—The eighth impression, with new and several other Additions, both in Prose and Verse, not extant in the former impressions. By Owen Felltham, Esq. London: Printed for Peter Dring, and are to be sold at the Sun, in the Poultry, next door to the Rose Tavern. 1661.

In a note by the late M. Gilchrist, upon some verses, written by Felltham, to the memory of Ben Johnson, we find the following observation: "It seems something remarkable, that nothing should be known of a book so popular as *Felltham's Resolves* has always been, beyond the bare circumstances related by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, of his father, Thomas Felltham, being a Suffolkman, and that Owen was one of three children." It is, indeed, remarkable, and yet so literally the case, that Mr. Cumming, the latest editor of the *Resolves*, who, we believe, during the fourteen years that elapsed between the first and second editions of his reprint, sought, with unwearied diligence, for further particulars of Felltham, was not able to add a single fact of importance to this brief record of his author's private history. But the assertion, that the "*Resolves* have always been popular," is only partially correct. It is true, they had passed through twelve editions previous to 1709, but another century had nearly elapsed ere an attempt was made to awaken public attention in their favor, by a small compilation, entitled, "*The Beauties of Owen Felltham*," containing a selection from twenty or thirty of the *Essays*. The work itself was then fast gliding into oblivion, when accident threw it into the way of Mr. James Cumming, a gentleman connected with Indian affairs, who had the taste to discover the merit of Felltham's lucubrations, and the spirit to rescue them from the neglect to which they had well nigh fallen a prey. He published an edition of the *Resolves*, (with some account of the author and his writings) in 1806, and a subsequent one in 1820, with the addition of a selection from the poetry of Felltham.

As two impressions of this republication have appeared, we are bound to assume, that it has met with fair encouragement; but we have seldom seen it ourselves in the hands of general readers, and

we cannot help suspecting that our review will introduce it to the notice of many who never even heard of the name of Owen Felltham.

The *Resolves*, in all the editions, we believe, except the first, consists of two parts called *Centuries*; but the first edition contains the latter part only, composed by the author when in his eighteenth year, and revised by him afterwards. Both parts comprise a series of *Essays*, on subjects connected with religion, morality, and the conduct of life; and they appear to have been termed *Resolves*—because, at the conclusion of each *Essay*, the author generally forms resolutions founded on his own precepts, having as he states in his early Preface, written and published his *Reflections*, "not so much to please others as profit himself." In this direct personal application, they differ from the "*Essays, Civil and Moral*," of Lord Bacon, to which they otherwise bear a frequent resemblance in manner, and still more in matter, the subjects of a great many of the *Resolves* being the same as those treated on by the illustrious writer alluded to. The style of Owen Felltham is not always equal. He is occasionally prolix; his illustrations are too multiplied; and his language is sometimes loose and familiar.—He likewise participates in the antithetical and punning propensity of Arthur Warwick, as in the passage—"It is from where there is no judgment, that the heaviest judgment comes." But his general style is nervous and appropriate; rather close and pointed than diffusive, though at times really eloquent. His phrases are such as, to use his own words, "are expressively pertinent, which lead the mind to something beside the naked truth."—He is prodigal of metaphor and quotation, and has, perhaps, on that account, been accused of pedantry; but, surely, if to quote at all from ancient writers be allowable, such allusions as the following add both force and interest to the maxims they are intended to support.

"I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think, how many discontents there had been in these houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else, were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all, were endless. The best way is, to uncontract

the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

"Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life,—said nothing, turned round, and vanished."

How delicate and how appropriate is the scriptural metaphor of St. Bernard, in the succeeding extract.

"Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those States are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action.—Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy, and doing; nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet, that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life; and that is, my thinking.—Surely, God made so many varieties in his creatures, as well for the inward soul, as for the outward senses; though he made them primarily for his own free will and glory. He was a monk of an honest age, that being asked how he could endure that life without the pleasure of books, answered—The nature of the creatures was his library; wherein when pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles."

Like the great Chancellor, he often brings the imagination of the poet to aid the wisdom of the philosopher. Bacon has been much extolled for the splendour of his imagery: we doubt whether many metaphors could be produced from his works, surpassing the beauty of those which we shall quote from the *Resolves*.

"Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean: there you see more water but no shore—no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may sound nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power, and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But, when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short line of man. Much may be gained by studious

inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

"What is that man good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary relations? One would break that dial into atoms, whose false lines only serve to mislead—whose every stealing minute attempts to shame the sun. Speech is the commerce of the world, and words are the cement of society. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the professions and declarations that men seriously and solemnly offer?—When any one of these fail, a ligament of the world is broke; and whatever this upheld as a foundation, falls. Truth is the good man's mistress, whose beauty he dares justify against all the furious tiltings of her wandering enemies; 'tis the buckler under which he lies securely covered from all the strokes of adversaries. It is indeed a deity; for God himself is truth, and never meant to make the heart and tongue disjunctives.

"He that lives long, does many times outlive his happiness. As evening tempests are more frequent, so they carry a blacker terror along: youth, like the sun, oft rises clear and dancing; when the afternoon is cloudy, thick and turbulent.

Age, like a long travailed horse, rides dull toward his journey's end; while every new setter out gallops away, and leaves him to his melancholy trot. In youth, untamed blood does goad us into folly; and, till experience reins us, we ride unbitted, wild; and, in a wanton fling, disturb ourselves, and all that come but near us.—In age, ourselves are with ourselves displeased. We are looked upon by others as things to be endured, not courted or applied to. Who is it will be fond of gathering fading flowers? Fruits past maturity grow less to be esteemed. Beauty itself, once autumned, does not tempt.

MISCELLANY.

TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF DOBLADO'S LETTERS.

Among the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes, who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer, who owned the house we speak of. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country, without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassen, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large zaguan, or close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of pearls and gold, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe deeply versed in the secret arts.

The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassen from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, entrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm.

Fatima married, and was soon after left

a widow, with a daughter, whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of that country.

Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret entrusted to her, Fatima, with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes: the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; and the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantations. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the Cathedral clock, whose sound, you are well aware, has a most startling effect in the dead silence of night, tolled the hour, and the melancholy peal of supplication (*plegaria*) followed for about two minutes. All now was still except the wind and rain. Fatima, with some difficulty, unlocking the cold hand of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life, were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not entreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here

see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father.—'Mother' answered the tremulous girl, 'I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark.'

The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins, scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of her mother. 'There, take the basket, child—quick, fill it up with the gold,—feel for the jewels,—I must not move the lantern. Well done, my love! Another basketful, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for . . . yet, the candle is long enough: fear it not—it will burn five minutes. . . . Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax.—Out, out, Zuleima! . . . the rope, the rope! . . . the steps are on this side!'

A faint groan was heard. Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again; the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, 'Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!' The thick vault thro' which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then, raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

On a certain night in the month of December, the few who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket of gold between her feet. The efforts, by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that for an hour she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying—'Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!'

LORD CHATHAM.

No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and his gesture, grace and dignity were combined, but dignity presided; the "terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye," were insufferable. His voice was both full and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate; he then had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with greater care; he mentioned to a friend of the Reminiscent, that he had read twice, from beginning to end, *Bailey's Dictionary*; and that he had perused some of *Dr. Barrow's Sermons* so often, as to know them by heart.

His sentiments, too, were apparently simple; but sentiments were never adopted or uttered with greater skill; he was often familiar and even playful, but it was the familiarity and playfulness of condescension—the lion that dandled with the kid. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power.—Then the house sunk before him.—Still he was dignified; and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this most important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction that there was something in him even finer than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator; no impression of this kind was made by the eloquence of his son, or of his son's antagonist.

Still,—with the great man,—for great he certainly was,—manner did much. One of the fairest specimens which we possess of his lordship's oratory, is his speech, in 1766, for the repeal of the stamp act.

Annull, et nutu totum tremefecit Olymum.

VIRGIL.

Most, perhaps, who read the report of his speech, in *Almon's Register*, will wonder at the effect which it is known to have produced on the hearers; yet the report is tolerably exact, and exhibits, although faintly, its leading features. But they should have seen the look of ineffable contempt with which he surveyed the late Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him, and should have heard him say with that look,—"As to the late ministry,—every capital measure they have taken, has been entirely wrong." They should have beheld him, when addressing himself to Mr.

Grenville's successors, he said,—“As to the present gentlemen,—those, at least, whom I have in my eye,”—(looking at the bench on which Mr. Conway sat,)—“I have no objection: I have never been made a sacrifice by any of them.—Some of them have done me the honour to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage to repeal the act:—they will do me the justice to own, I did advise them to engage to do it,—(but notwithstanding—for I love to be explicit,)—I cannot give them my confidence.—Pardon me, gentlemen,”—(bowing to them,)—“confidence is a plant of slow growth.” Those who remember the air of condescending protection with which the bow was made, and the look given when he spoke these words, will recollect how much they themselves, at the moment, were both delighted and awed, and what they themselves then conceived of the immeasurable superiority of the orator over every human being that surrounded him.—In the passages which we have cited, there is nothing which an ordinary speaker might not have said; it was the manner, and the manner only, which produced the effect.

In a letter, in the appendix to Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs, Lord Holland describes in half a line the effect of Mr. Pitt's oratory, when he intended to be severe, on the object of his severities.—“In both Mr. Pitt's speeches, every word fell on Murray, (Lord Mansfield;) yet so managed, that neither he nor any body else could or did take public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat near Murray, *who suffered for an hour.*”—It was, perhaps, on this occasion, that Pitt used an expression that once was in every mouth. After Murray had suffered for some time, Pitt stopped, threw his eyes around, then fixing their whole power on Murray, said, “I must now address a few words to Mr. Solicitor;—they shall be few,—but shall be daggers.” Murray was agitated;—the look was continued,—the agitation increased:—“Judge Felix trembles!” exclaimed Pitt, in a tone of thunder,—“he shall hear me some other day.” He sat down; Murray made no reply; and a languid debate is said to have shown the paralysis of the house.

His celebrated reply to Horace Walpole has been immortalized by the report given of it by Dr. Johnson. On one occasion, Mr. Moreton, the chief justice of Chester, a gentleman of some eminence at the bar, happened to say, “King, lords, and commons, or,”—(directing his eye towards Lord Chatham,)—“as that right honourable member would call them,—commons, lords, and king.” The only fault of this sentence is its nonsense. Mr. Pitt rose,—as he ever did,—with great de-

liberation, and called to order: “I have,” he said, “heard frequently in this house, doctrines which have surprised me; but now, my blood runs cold! I desire the words of the honourable member may be taken down.” The clerks of the house wrote the words. “Bring them to me,” said Mr. Pitt, in his loudest voice. By this time Mr. Moreton was frightened out of his senses. “Sir,” he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, “I am sorry to have given offence to the right honourable member, or to the house: I meant nothing. King, lords, and commons,—lords, king, and commons,—commons, lords, and king;—*tria juncta in uno.*—I meant nothing! Indeed I meant nothing.”—“I don't wish to push the matter further,” said Lord Chatham, in a tone a little above a whisper:—then, in a higher note,—“the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty.—I have a great regard for the honourable member, and, as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice:”—a pause of some moments ensued,—then assuming a look of unspeakable derision, he said in a kind of colloquial tone,—“Whenever that member means nothing, I recommend him to say nothing.”

Once, while he was speaking, Sir William Young called out, “Question, question!”—Lord Chatham paused,—then, fixing on Sir William a look of ineffable disgust, exclaimed,—“Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, my agitation: when that member calls for the question, I fear I hear the knell of my country's ruin.”

When the Prussian subsidy, an unpopular measure, was in agitation in the house of commons, Lord Chatham justified it with infinite address: insensibly he subdued all his audience, and a murmur of approbation was heard from every part of the house. Availing himself of the moment, his lordship placed himself in an attitude of stern defiance, but perfect dignity, and exclaimed in his loudest tone—“Is there an *Austrian* among you? Let him stand forward and reveal himself!”

On another occasion, immediately after he had finished a speech, in the house of commons, he walked out of it; and, as usual, with a very slow step. A silence ensued, till the door was opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, “I rise to reply to the honourable member.”—Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator,—who instantly sat down dumb: his lordship then returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:

“Ast Danaum procures, Agamemnoniaque phalanges,
Ut videre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu,—pars vertere retro,
Seu quondam petiere rates,—pars tollere vocem
Exiguam,—inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.”

Then placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me." On the writer's asking the gentleman from whom he heard this anecdote, if the house did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member?—"No, sir," he replied, "we were all too much awed to laugh."

But the most extraordinary instance of his command of the house, is, the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the Gentle Shepherd." At this time, a song of Dr. Howard, which began with the words, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where,"—and in which each stanza ended with that line,—was in every mouth. On some occasion, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, "Where is our money? where are our means? I say again, where are our means? where is our money." He then sat down,—and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the house, humming the line, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where."—The effect was irresistible, and settled for ever on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the Gentle Shepherd."

In private intercourse, Lord Chatham, though always lofty, was very insinuating. The Prince of Wales, the grandfather of our present sovereign, and Mr. Pitt, were once walking in the garden at Stow, apart from the general company, who followed them at some distance. They seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation: Lord Cobham expressed to Mr. Belson, from whom the writer received this anecdote, an apprehension of Mr. Pitt's drawing the prince into some measures which his lordship disapproved. Mr. Belson observed to his lordship, that the *tete-a-tete* could not be of long duration. "Sir," said his lordship with eagerness, "you don't know Mr. Pitt's talent of insinuation: in a very short quarter of an hour he will persuade any one of any thing."

Through life, Mr. Pitt cultivated the muses. Mr. Seward's *Anecdotes* contained an imitation by him of the ode of Horace, "*Tyrrhena regum progenies*," which shows a very classical mind. He also translated the speech of Pericles, inserted in Smith's version of Thucydides: this, through one person only, came to the writer of these pages from the late Mr. Pitt.

Butler's Reminiscences.

From L'Hermite de la Guiane, by Mons. de Jouy.

KILLING TIME.

There is in language a phrase, which by continual repetition has become proverbial, but which does not the less appear to me to have the double inconvenience, of expressing a false idea, by a ridiculous figure. I often hear people talk of *killing time*; it is a murder many meditate, but

which nobody executes, and in this singular conspiracy, the intended victim, always in the end, becomes the assassin. Time is a hydra whose innumerable heads spring up under the club of Hercules; or to use a more just comparison, time resembles that animal plant called the polypus; cut it into as many pieces as you please, each part will not the less be a whole, and the principal body will not remain the less complete. It is the same with time; take from it days, months and years—new days, new months and new years repair, and time has lost nothing. Relatively to man, time is immortal. Let us not then undertake a contest with this invulnerable veteran: in the place of losing it, by seeking to kill it, why not make of it a friend. It is never against the industrious man that time declares war; it would fear to buy the victory too dearly; it is against the idle and dissipated, whom indolence and luxury have rendered unable to defend themselves, that time constantly directs its attacks.

If there is any position in this world beyond the reach of contradiction, it is this, "that man is born for action."—Has fortune placed you above the necessity of daily labor, to which nature has subjected the human species?—Cultivate your mind, enlighten your understanding, create for yourself noble occupations; employ time to make you better, and consequently more happy; you will not then complain, that it oppresses you; you will feel its value, and only reproach it for the rapidity of its flight.

Time is never neuter; if it is not for us a useful friend, it becomes a dreadful enemy; at the same time let us bear in mind, that it is an enemy with whom we must live, since we only can escape from it by death.

I had proceeded thus far with my reflections on this serious subject, when Mr. Greville, whom I had not seen for a considerable time, entered my apartment.—His visit at a time I had made my arrangements to be alone, was rather malapropos, which he soon discovered, and on being informed of the subject of my meditations, offered by way of atonement for the interruption, to introduce me to several characters, who would form an excellent commentary on my text.

I went out therefore with Monsieur de Greville in his cabriolet, who conducted me to the Rue Blanche, to see one of his friends, whose name by-the-by, he with difficulty recollected. "You are going to see," said he, "a man who does nothing, says nothing, and thinks of nothing, and acquits himself of all that a *merveille*." We traversed the court, and found in the garden a little man of four feet and a half

high, seated on a stool, contemplating attentively some tulips. After the first compliments, I congratulated Monsieur Despolieres (I had learnt his name) upon the taste he appeared to have for botany. "I do not meddle with botany," said he; "I amuse myself with looking at these flowers, which I imported from Holland at a great expense. I am informed that I have a passion for them, and I admire them with my gardener two or three hours every morning;—it is always so much taken from the day."

To keep up the conversation, I hazarded some reflections on the employment of time, to which he listened, or rather did not listen, looking alternately on his watch and his flowers—a clock was heard to strike;—"Thank heaven," said he, rising, "it is eleven o'clock, and I am going to breakfast." "The air appears to have given you an appetite," said Greville—"No," answered he, "I am never hungry, but I sit down to table four times a day, and remain at it a long time—it is so much taken from the day."

Mons. Despolieres had taken enough of mine; we left him to breakfast alone, and went to see a Monsieur Labaunne;—this is a man who has lost the first quarter of an hour of his life, and passes the remainder in running after it. Of all the tenses in the language he only knows how to conjugate the future, and his existence is a long project. "You anticipate me," said he to Greville, "I ought to have called on you last week, first for the pleasure of seeing you, and then to talk with you respecting an important affair." "I am glad I have saved you the trouble;—the hermit to whom I have the honor of presenting you, is a man who does not stand on ceremony—he will take a book whilst we talk together."

M. Labaunne hastened to tranquilize me upon the fear I expressed of being troublesome;—"it is I," said he, "who have apologies to make;—I was going out just as you entered;—I am expected at a house, where I ought to have been an hour ago." "Do not let us stop you," said Greville. "It is the more painful to me to quit you," said the master of the house, at the same time running round his chamber with a hurried air, "as I shall now most assuredly not find the person at home to see whom I am going in such haste, and it will be the cause of my losing the whole day. I know nothing worse than these exact people, who always have their eyes on the clock, and who consider time as something of consequence." "It is," answered I, "because, perhaps, they imagine life is made of it." "Let us fix upon a day to see each other," said Greville.—"Yes, certainly, let us fix upon one,"

answered he, squeezing his hand, and off he went.

"There is a man," said I to my conductor, "whom no one will accuse of killing time; he would not know where to catch it."—

"He does not even know if it exists, and it is difficult to conceive the astonishment he discovers, whenever he is obliged to recognize its traces;—has he observed a rose-bush loaded with flowers? he is surprised three weeks afterwards to find them faded. I lately visited him at the moment, when after an absence of eighteen years, his nephew, whom he had left in his cradle, was presented to him; he was very near refusing to acknowledge him; he did not conceive that an infant could become a man."

While talking about this original, we arrived at Madame Breffort's, cousin of M. de Greville. It was near one o'clock; she was still in bed; we were introduced. I wished to apologise for the intrusion.—"Greville did very right in bringing you," said she; "I begged him to do so. Your book has enabled me to pass away several hours, and it is a service I will never forget; time is so long, that we ought to be grateful to those who help us to get rid of it." "Without doubt," answered I, "when one has neither husband nor children." "How! neither husband nor children? I have both, Monsieur, and enough of them." "In that case, I should have supposed the cares and pleasures of a large family, would have occupied your time sufficiently."—"My husband has his business; I scarcely ever see him: my children have a governess, and teachers of every kind; I spare no expense for their education; I love them a great deal; but all that is soon done, and without novels, gaming, scandal and milliners, I do not know how we poor women, with a hundred thousand livres a year, could get through the day."

But time presses, and I must conclude for the present. At another opportunity, I may perhaps again take up my interview with this lady, and also pass in review, the different ways of killing time at Paris in the *grande monde*, where the greatest and most vain conspiracies are continually formed against it.

ON PERSONAL EXERTION.

A man of a humble, diffident temper, is apt to imagine, that his example or influence is too feeble to have any weight with others; much less does he suppose, that an obscure individual can have the power to produce striking effects on the public mind. "Can the voice of such an insignificant person as I am," exclaims he, "be heard in the cause of virtue? To my-

self, the tenour of my actions is, indeed, important; but, to the world, of no consequence."

Such are the false reasonings of those, who are either too indolent, or too deficient in self-confidence, to aspire to the honorable distinction of benefactors to the human race. But let them turn to the page of history, and they will find, that the records of both ancient and modern times, teem with examples of the extensive effects produced by individuals on society; some tending to beneficial purposes, whilst others have acted in a contrary direction. Notwithstanding this difference in their consequences, they equally show the possibility of a whole kingdom's receiving essential advantage or injury from the interposition of a single man; and, in many cases, that man has emerged from an obscure station, which teaches us, that the meanest should not despair of being useful; and though few may have an opportunity of acting the hero, and performing great achievements, yet none can calculate the effects of a good example in any department of life.

It has been said that *dismemberment* should never be alluded to, even in the way of deprecation. The advice however, is little heeded; and while this is the case, it is well to show the means of prevention and the evils that would result from such an occurrence. The following is from a message of DE WITT CLINTON, in 1819:

In the United States, our liberty and our union are inseparably connected. A dismemberment of the republic into separate confederacies, would necessarily produce the jealous circumspection and hostile preparations of bordering states: large standing armies would be immediately raised; unceasing and vindictive wars would follow, and a military despotism would reign triumphant on the ruins of civil liberty. A dissolution of the union may therefore be considered the natural death of our free government. And to avert this awful calamity, all local prejudices and geographical distinctions should be discarded, the people should be habituated to frequent intercourse and beneficial intercommunication, and the whole republic ought to be bound together by the golden ties of commerce and the adamant chains of interest. When the western canal is finished, and a communication is formed between Lake Michigan and the Illinois river, or between the Ohio and the waters of Lake Erie, the greater part of the United States will form one vast island, susceptible of circumnavigation to the extent of many thousand miles. The most distant parts of the confederacy will then be in a state of approximation, and the distinctions of eas-

tern and western, of southern and northern interests, will be entirely prostrated. To be instrumental in producing so much good, by increasing the stock of human happiness, by establishing the perpetuity of free government, and by extending the empire of improvement, of knowledge, of refinement and of religion, is an ambition worthy of a free people. The most exalted reputation is that which arises from the dispensation of happiness to our fellow creatures, and that conduct is most acceptable to God which is most beneficial to man.

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1825.

When we found that the Editor of the Emporium had arraigned us for the opinion which we expressed concerning the Cincinnati Directory, we certainly did feel some inclination to 'back out' as quietly and speedily as possible. But it seems the erudite philologist who edits that paper, and makes "darkness visible" to his readers, is dissatisfied with the laurels he has won, and is unwilling that we should retreat. As he is all "Candour" himself, it is right that we should be candid with him, and confess that we were stricken with an instant dread of two such gigantic intellects as are obviously possessed by the Printer and Editor of the Emporium. It would be contending with fearful odds to enter the lists with two allied wits, who seem to be so profoundly skilled in *taste*, *sublimity*, *Walker's Dictionary* and the affairs of the Medical College of Ohio. We cry you mercy, learned Sirs.

As to the Directory, let the Editor enquire of those who had to pay for it, and he will find further evidence of illiberality and harshness.

It needs no great skill to call owls dull and grave, To call a cat a cat, and Snob a knave. ¶

Mr. Rembrandt Peale has placed for exhibition, in the rotunda of the Capitol, an Equestrian Portrait of Washington, which he has offered for the consideration of Congress. In this performance, the first object which the artist had in view, was to give an accurate historical delineation of the CHIEF, and next to commemorate the battle at York. As to his success, we can speak with a perfect reliance on the sources of our information, and say that it is complete. The portrait of Washington, is, in point of accuracy and minute resemblance, not at all inferior to the head which he finished last year, and which was pronounced to be the *first likeness* of Washington. As that portrait

is the best that has yet been painted, ought we not to expect a copperplate engraving of it to be offered to the public? ¶

The article on our first page, which is from the Retrospective Review, has by accident not received in the proper place, an acknowledgment of the source whence it is derived. It comes to us, however, through the medium of the National Gazette; and, by the way, for this avowal, we take to ourselves credit for a kind of justice rare among our brethren; at least, it is rarely extended to us, though cause for it is very frequent.

Letters from Washington city state that Gen. Lafayette will make his visit to Cincinnati, about the close of April.

CONGRESS.

Mr. Webster has reported a Bill to punish crimes against the United States. The offences, to which the Bill affixes the punishment of death, are thirty in number—sixteen of which are new.

Mr. Cook, of Illinois, has submitted a resolution which has been passed, instructing the committee on the Judiciary to enquire into the propriety of establishing National Penitentiaries.

Jan 10. Mr. Barbour reported a bill for the suppression of piracy. It provides for the building and arming of 10 vessels, to carry not less than 20 guns each; a size, it is thought, much too large for the service for which they are destined. The officers are to be authorized to pursue and take the pirates on land.

Simond, in his Travels in Great Britain, takes the subjoined notice of English Inns. When the avenues to more honourable life shall be crowded here as they are in England, we may have the comforts of prompt attendance as well as they; and then, Englishmen, whose *maladie du pays* is to leave their homes, may no longer complain of inattention when they come among us. Such luxuries are the result only of a crowded, and in some degree of a distressed population.

Slept at Ivy-bridge, a pretty name, and a pretty place;—wall flowers full blown here (January 3), and in many places on the road,—and of course much ivy about it, and a clear boisterous little stream.—The house superlatively comfortable; such *empressement* to receive you,—such readiness to fulfil every wish as soon as expressed,—such good rooms, and so well furnished,—such good things to eat, and so well dressed. This is really the land of conveniences, and it is not to be wondered at that the English should complain of foreign inconveniences in travelling. All this politeness and zeal has, no doubt, a sordid motive; you are caressed for your

money; but the caresses of the world have not in general a much purer motive. This semblance of *bienveillance* should not be blamed hastily. Fair raiments do not always cover a fair skin. It may be as well to remain ignorant of the defects of the mind, as of those of the person; to suspect them is quite enough.

We arrived at Bath last night. The chaise drew up in style at the White Hart. Two well-dressed footmen were ready to help us to alight, presenting an arm on each side. Then a loud bell on the stairs, and lights carried before us to an elegantly furnished sitting-room, where the fire was already blazing. In a few minutes, a neat-looking chamber-maid, with an ample white apron, pinned behind, came to offer her services to the ladies, and shew the bed-rooms. In less than half an hour, five powdered gentlemen burst into the room with three dishes, &c. and two remained to wait. I give this as a sample of the best, or rather of the finest inns. Our bill was 2l. 11s. sterling, (\$11 30) dinner for three, tea, beds, and breakfast. The servants have no wages,—but, depending on the generosity of travellers, they find it their interest to please them. They (the servants) cost us about five shillings a-day.

From a Tour in Great Britain by a Frenchman, in 1810, 11.

The SPECTATOR, known all over Europe for a century past, was probably the first work which taught philosophy in periodical sheets. It contained a series of ingenious essays on life and manners,—amusing and moral tales,—and discussions on popular subjects, fitted for light readers, men of the world, women, and young people. Addison, its principal author, contributed essentially to fix the English language; and the simplicity, purity, and elegance of his style have constituted it a standard. The great success of the Spectator encouraged imitators; and several works on the same plan, and of considerable merit, appeared successively. About forty years ago, Scotland entered the field. A company of men of letters at Edinburgh published the Mirror, and afterwards the Lounger. They professed, as the Spectator had done before, "To hold as it were the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her own features, vice her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." Time, in its flight, has now brought other manners, and men's minds are cast in a different mould; the same mental food would no longer agree with them, nor the same frame fit the picture. Whatever may be said of the present times, and this generation has not much reason to speak well of them, the

human mind has advanced with giant strides in the career of knowledge; and the price of wisdom, and perhaps of virtue, has not been paid quite in vain. Great as the absolute gain in point of knowledge has certainly been, its general diffusion is most remarkable. The line between men of the world and men of letters, narrowing before, is now almost effaced. The field is open to all; and if all do not sow, yet all reap,—women particularly. How many women see their lives pass away without establishment, in solitude and poverty, bearing with patience and cheerfulness all the evils of their situation,—the privation of the happiness of being loved, and of joys estimated perhaps beyond their value by being only imagined. They advance towards old age, unregarded, unpitied, without hope in this world, yet preserving universal benevolence, a warm and a generous heart. Cultivation of mind, and the habit of other and higher thoughts than mere self, can alone give us the courage to bear with the daily miseries of life,—or, what is better, make us forget them. The original of that ridiculous and hateful being, who is made to act so conspicuous a part on the English stage and in English novels, under the name of *old maid*, is now scarcely ever met with, at least I have not met with it; and the odious distinction between an old woman and an old man is becoming obsolete.—The little stories, light polemics, and every-day philosophy, which formed nearly the whole range of the Spectator and his school, would no longer afford sufficient interest. Readers of both sexes understand now something of arts and sciences; they are strangers in none of the walks of literature; they wish to know what is going on in the mental as well as the practical world,—what discoveries are made in their own and other countries,—and to laugh at higher follies than formerly.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Three fragments of Aulus Gellius and Cicero have been found in a German Abbey.

A learned work has just been published in Paris by M. TABARAUD, *Ancien Pretre de l'Oratoire*, under the title of "Critical History of the Projects formed within the last three hundred years, for the Union of the Christian Communions;" and M. Gregoire has also just published "A History of the confessors of Emperors, Kings and other Princes."

WORKS IN PRESS.

The Refugee, a Romance in 2 vols. 12mo. by captain Matthew Murgatroyd, of the ninth continentals in the revolutionary war. O. Wilder & J. Campbell, New-York.

Powell on Contracts. O. Halstead, N. Y.

A Few Days in Athens. A translation from a manuscript found in the ruins of Herculaneum, by Miss Frances Wright. E. Bliss & E. White.

A Translation of Horace, by Francis. S. King. A Treatise on the Law of Husband and Wife, by R. S. Dannisan Roper, Esq. S. Gould & Son.

A new edition of Espinasse's Nisi Prius, with notes, by an association of Gentlemen of the New-York bar. To appear in April next. S. Gould & Son.

The Theory of the Political and Civil Institutions of the United States; including National and State Institutions. In two parts. The first is ready for press.

Summary.

Dinner to Lafayette.—On the 1st inst. a dinner was given by the members of Congress, to General Lafayette. About 200 persons were present, and Mr. Gaillard, President pro tem. of the Senate, and Mr. Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, presided. President Monroe, and other distinguished citizens attended.

By official documents laid before Congress, it appears that the whole number of the Militia of the United States, as enrolled, amount to 1,053,787 men;—for the arming of which 15,000 stand of arms were last year appointed.

From the historical and statistical account of Baltimore, published in the last *North American Review*, it appears that the manufacturing interest is now taking deep root in the vicinity of that city; it is remarked that there is no equal space of ground in the Union that has so much natural water power, united with as many local facilities, as the circle round Baltimore of 30 miles radius. The mill streams in this vicinity now drive 12 cotton factories, 6 iron works, a carding factory, 2 paper mills, a chocolate mill, and 27 saw mills, and a large amount of mill power yet unoccupied. The cotton manufactures of the principality of which there are 13 factory houses, now in operation 27,000 spindles, and contented to have 50,000. The number of persons employed in the work is 2800. One of the factories is worked by steam in the city. Manufactures largely of cotton sail cloth, of superior quality, consuming annually 30,000 pounds cotton. Among other establishments in the vicinity, is a white lead manufacture which annually works about 250 tons of raw material.

Important Decision.—His honor Judge Bay, has decided the question which on Tuesday last was argued before him, whether Aliens are liable to the performance of military duty. The opinion of the Hon. Judge predicated upon the principle of the "*Lex Loci*" is, that Aliens are liable to perform military duty.—*Charleston City Gazette*.

The number of manufactories in Massachusetts appears by an official account, to be 151, possessing an aggregate capital of \$21,465,000. Of these six are for manufacturing glass, and the remainder for iron, wool, cotton, leather, lead, flax, hemp, silk, wire, salt, &c. and it is believed the property invested in them considerably exceeds the amount of their charter capital.

Among the successful competitors at Paris for the prizes offered by the society for the encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, were several pupils of the school of the *Blind*, in that capital. They presented soft flannels, fine linens, knitting, tapestry, hangings done with the needle, hats, purses, bracelets, baskets, carpets, &c. of perfect workmanship; all parts executed by themselves. A committee of the Society was deputed to visit their workshops, and returned admiring and applauding the readiness, ingenuity, cheapness and decorum of their labors. The spectacle of these sightless children, advancing, at the public sitting of the Society, to receive their medals and the other premiums of their skill and industry, is said to have excited the strongest emotions in all the spectators.

The Greek Committee in London have been very anxious to obtain a few of Mr. Perkins' steam cannons, for the purpose of enabling the Greeks to hasten the surrender of Patras, and the other fortresses in Greece, which are held by the Turks; but it is said they were prevented from obtaining them by a treaty between Mr. Perkins and the Ministry, for the exclusive right to these tremendous engines of destruction.

Parasols.—The Emperor of Austria has granted to three manufacturers at Vienna the exclusive privilege, for five years, of fabricating a new species of parasol of their invention. The form of these parasols is singular, but handsomer than that of the common parasols. When open, they have the appearance of an arch; when closed, that of a lyre. They may be taken to pieces, and packed up in a work-box. The same persons have obtained a similar privilege for the fabrication of all kinds of covering for parasols, whether of cotton, silk, wool, leather, or paper. Some of their parasols are splendidly ornamented with paintings and embroidery.

TO E****.

Sweet is the blush of her I love,
Bright the azure of her eye;
Yet ah! these charms can never prove,
The source whence springs my ecstasy:
For these, ere long, may sure decay,
As fades the flower by winter's wind;
But winter cannot chase away
The glowing beauties of the mind.

The blush which dwells upon her cheek,
Her ruby lips or speaking eyes,

But that light of soul by love refined,
Where Truth its altar pure had reared,
Watched by the beauties of the mind.

HAIDEE.

MARRIED.

January 13th, Mr. RANSIL A. MADISON to Miss MARGARET M'KIMM.

Jan. 20th, Mr. WM. SUMWALT to Miss JANE PARSONS.

Jan 26th, Mr. SYLVANUS WRIGHT to Miss FRANCES P. GOODMAN.

DIED.

January 24th, in this city, DARIUS WELLS, merchant.

—, at Lawrenceburgh, Ind. on the 16th inst. Mrs. ELIZA DILL, aged 62 years, wife of Gen. James Dill, and daughter of Major General Arthur St. Clair, of the Revolutionary army.

January 14th, in Baltimore, very suddenly, Gen. ROBERT GOODLOE HARPER, in the 60th year of his age.

At New-Haven, (Conn.) on the 8th inst. ELY WHITNEY, Esq. aged 59. His mind was distinguished by uncommon powers of invention, and was at the same time accurate, firm and decisive—his disposition was just, humane and beneficent. Perhaps no man has ever produced so great an effect on the industry, wealth, and commerce of his country. Before he invented the gin for cleaning upland cotton, the fibre of that article was separated from the seed by the human hand, and it was cultivated only for domestic uses. In consequence of that invention, it now forms the greatest and most important staple of America—in bulk sufficient to give employment to more than five hundred ships, and in annual value not less than twenty millions of dollars.

January 20th, after a short illness of seventeen days, CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN ROOT, eldest child

and only son of the Rev. David Root, aged 4 years.

I knew the boy, and he was such an one
As we can dearly love, nor question why;
Of fragile form, yet fair, methinks the sun
Ne'er shone upon a lovelier, his eye
Sparkled with hope and innocence, delight
Dwelt in his motions, every thought was joy;
Gentle in heart, attractive to the sight;—
Death! how could'st thou such comeliness destroy?

I saw him flushed with health, the opening rose
Was not more sweet, his cheek had stol'n its hue,—

On his fair brow sat childhood's calm repose;
His budding lip, surcharged with freshest dew,
Spoke promise of long days; we fondly said
These charms will flourish,—many a genial spring

Invigorating, will kind influence shed,
Ripening the plant, and full perfection bring.
I saw him in the agonizing hour,
When Pain was struggling with its victim, there
Was loveliness remaining, though the power
Of fell disease had blighted what was fair;—
He knew me not,—already had he flown
In thought, to his empyrean, and ere
Some cherub called, "away!" he sought the throne;—

What should the traveller know of sorrow here?
I saw him,—but the last long strife was o'er!—
'Twas hard, for Death had lingered with the blow,

Reluctant, seeming:—pale he was, but more
Of beauty have I never seen, the foe,
Unwilling to deface so sweet a germ,
Had left heaven's impress on the sleeping clay,—
There reigned, sublime, eternity's deep calm:
Death sat, a smiling victor, on his prey.

When we stated that Mr. Hazen was a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, we did it on authority which we thought good; but it appears our information was erroneous, as will be shewn by the following note:

Mr. Editor,

Upon what grounds you made use of my name as a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, for this county, I know not; nor is it important I should know. But, in justice to myself, I feel bound to state, that the report is not founded in fact. My pretensions are too humble to think of aspiring to a seat, to which none but the learned in the law are entitled.

January 28, 1825. SEPTIMUS HAZEN.

CINCINNATI COLLEGE.

The friends of literature and science are respectfully invited to attend the public Exercise of the Senior Class of the Cincinnati College, on Wednesday next, at 6 o'clock, P. M. in the College Chapel.

ORDER OF EXERCISE.

1. PRAYER, by President SLACK.
2. ORATION on Knowledge, J. C. SPENCER.
3. ——— on the Beauties of Nature, by A. N. RIDDLE.
4. ——— on the Effects of Passion, by S. J. WADE.
5. ——— on the Character of Bonaparte, by J. S. IRWIN.
6. ——— on the Progress of Liberty, by J. BAUM.
7. ——— on Political Intrigue, by J. H. WILSON.
8. ——— on Biography, by A. S. REEDER.

There will be appropriate music during the evening.

A. S. REEDER,
J. H. WILSON,

Committee of Arrangement.

Jan. 29, 1825.

A NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

The following is the Address which was circulated by the Carriers of the Cincinnati Literary Gazette. It was written, we understand, by a lady, who has but lately become a resident of the State.

Patrons, old Time, in his unceasing flight,
At twelve last evening bade the world good night;
And this bright morn, to Bards and News-boys dear,
Has ushered in another fleeting year.
Another year of our short life is past:
Reader, be wise, for this may be your last;
And while, with ceaseless flight, the planets run
Successive journeys round the central sun,
And each bright orb revolves in order true—
Patrons, we roll a satellite to you;
And each New-Year appear, in humble dress,
To breathe our wishes for your happiness:
And, not like *comets* in eccentric lines,
With times and seasons varying our designs,
Nor like the *moon*, with cold reflected ray,
Our *nodes* and *phases* changing with the day—
We know no change, but to renew the year,
And meet the sunshine of your favour here.

Some moralists have said, when years are past,
Each should be made a critique on the last—
Then let the Muse the pleasing theme renew—
Recal the fleeting year, in brief review—
Live o'er the past, while brighter hopes illumine
The garish picture of the year to come.

And where did livelier landscapes ever glow,
Or nobler streams through happier valleys flow?
What bounteous harvests yield our mellow soil!
What golden sheaves repay the laborer's toil!
From Plenty's horn rich fruits adorn the plain,
Where Agriculture leads her smiling train;
And Art and Industry walk hand in hand,
"To scatter blessings o'er the smiling land."

Here Independence holds her dwelling place,
Firm as th' eternal Allegheny's base,
And each bold soul in Freedom's ether soars,
Free as our air, expanded as our shores.
To guard these blessings, and our rights protect,
Our strength to guide, our energies direct,
The *Press* unfolds its treasures, and explores
Learning's rich mines, and Fancy's classic stores.
Hail, happy Art! by Wisdom's self designed,
To pour new sunshine on the world of mind:
Printing, all hail! to thy blest aid we owe,
The noblest joys that light our path below.
By thee, from week to week, and year to year,
A servant of the public we appear;
Nor will a generous public ere forget
The humble merit of our young GAZETTE.
The blooming plant your patronage sustains,
Must sure be worthy of your carrier's strains.

We, like the Stage, can hold a Mirror true
To passing scenes, and bring the world to view,

And various dainties have our columns graced,
In rich profusion for the board of Taste.
Various, that all within our sheet may find
A subject suited to the varying mind.
Historians, faithful sketches of the age,
The Scholar, treasures for the classic page;—
While Mirth and Satire here from ambush spring,
As Folly flies, to shoot her on the wing.

Here, too, the Muse's votaries may admire
The tuneful warblings of a Western lyre;
While *Juan's* songs in artful breathings roll,
Pourtraying all the fervor of his soul;
And ever and anon, each pause between,
The gentle *Myra* breathes a strain serene.

Through the Gazette, our Patrons, too, have learned
What feats the Literary world concerned—
What new productions of the "Great Unknown"
Or some aspiring genius of our own—
Cooper, perhaps, whose rich, instructive page,
Presents a lively portrait of the age;—
Or bards and novelists of humbler name
Profuse of toil, and emulous of fame—
Have furnished matter for our sage reviews,
And quite supplied the vacuum of news.

Here you have learned how every patriot breast
Has throbbed with joy to meet our NATION'S GUEST;

For grateful freemen never can forget
How much Columbia owes to Lafayette.
Oh, friend of Liberty! 'tis thine to prove
A Nation's gratitude, a People's love.
Proud of her theme, the Muse her tribute pours,
And bids thee welcome to our happy shores.
And shall we ever quench the living fire
Thy youthful bosom caught at Freedom's pyre?
Shall Warren bleed, and Fayette live in vain,
And this fair region wear a conqueror's chain?
No, by the rights for which our fathers fought,
By all they suffered, and by all they taught,
By all the hopes our ardent bosoms know,
The sons of Freedom proudly answer—NO!—

Patrons, excuse this bold, excursive strain,
Your Carrier sinks into himself again;
Reins in his Pegasus, and thus renews
The annual labors of his toiling Muse;
Through the Gazette, our Patrons, too, may see
The glorious fruits of heaven-born liberty.
Talents and Wit and Eloquence admire,
And mark what soaring minds to fame aspire!
What fruits of genius spring from Freedom's soil,
And what rewards await their ardent toil.
Here, too, may Humour see the lash applied
By Satire's hand, to Folly, Vice and Pride:
And Lovers read, and bless the happy pair
In Hymen's list, and wish themselves were there:
While Death's sad catalogue proclaims with

power,
That human life is but a transient flower.

With all the various dainties here displayed,
Have you been furnished by your Carrier's aid.
Weekly, he brings his "busy map of life,"
"Its fluctuations," harmonies and strife;
And "from the loop holes of retreat," you scan
The busy scene, and all the works of man.

Patrons, the various blessings of the year,
Demand the throb of gratitude sincere;
And while kind heaven its rich abundance sheds,
Like fertilizing dew upon our heads—
In this fair land, beneath this favored sky,
Shall "*genius sicken*," and shall "*fancy die*?"
No, to your generous bosoms we appeal,
To minds that reason, and to hearts that feel—
Your ready minds applaud the humble strain,
Nor shall we ask for patronage in vain.

Though "last, not least," we turn, ye fair,
to you,
Our lay present, and for your favor sue.
Woman, 'tis thine to soothe the ills of life,
The gentle daughter, and the faithful wife;
'Tis thine to cheer, to bless and to console,
To cause the halcyon hours more blythe to roll;
With dulcet voice, to speak a sweet relief
To the sad heart, when torn by rending grief,
Her daughters, too, shall fair Columbia grace,
With powers of genius as with charms of face.
Then rise, ye fair, and wrest with daring pen,
The pride of talent from assuming men.
Fearless ascend the flowery path of fame,
Enrich our columns, and support our claim.

Lives there a wretch, whose sacrilegious hand
Would raise a throne in Freedom's favorite land?
Who sighs for coronets, those gilded things,
The pride of courts, and pedantry of kings?
Debar'd your favour, may he never prove
The joy of wedlock, and the bliss of love.

Patrons, your modest Carrier will not tell
How faithfully he serves you, or how well.
He cannot frame his free-born lips to say,
His wants demand a trifle for his lay;
But, independent as the Press he aids,
While gratitude his growing heart pervades,
For favours past, he comes in custom's due,
Presents his verse,—and leaves the rest to you.

PERIODICAL WORKS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the following periodical works, published by BLISS & WHITE, New-York, will be received by J. P. FOOTE, No. 14, Lower Market street:

The Atlantic Magazine, published monthly
The Museum of Literature and Science, do.
The Minerva, weekly
The New-York Medical and Physical Journal, conducted by Doctors Francis & Beck, published quarterly.
The New-York Monthly Chronicle of Medicine and Surgery, conducted by an association of Physicians.

ALSO,
The Westminster Review, published quarterly in London.